

Or Else by NemiMontoya

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fluff, Good Babysitter Steve Harrington, M/M, One Shot, Protectiveness

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Original Characters, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Original Character(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-04

Updated: 2018-01-04

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:13:53

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,117

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve is dating someone new. The kids decide to have a little talk with that person.

Or Else

Author's Note:

I've had this little thing half-written for weeks, finally finished it. Just a little idea I had that I thought was cute. Hope you enjoy!

"Dammit, they smell so good..."

"Hey, hey, HEY!"

Steve jumped in between Dustin and the brownie pan, just out of the oven.

"Back away from the brownies, dipshit!" he snapped, brandishing a rubber spatula. "They're too hot! If you can just keep yourselves under control for a few minutes, then you can all have a piece."

"Ice cream on the side?" Dustin asked hopefully.

Steve snorted.

"Sure."

"Eggs on the side?" El asked, eyes gleaming.

Steve gave her a fond look while Max giggled.

"Nice try."

Mike and Will cleared away the last of the mess they'd made while baking. Mrs Henderson had been quite delighted that "such a fine and responsible young man" like Steve had taken Dustin and his friends under his wing, and these days whenever she went out she often asked Steve to keep an eye on Dustin and keep him out of trouble. This evening she had plans to go out with friends, and had called Steve and asked him to come over. Dustin, in turn, had called all the others, and as usual Steve found himself looking after the whole Party.

"So?" Mike asked. "You said you had something to tell us?"

Steve cleared his throat, and his cheeks reddened slightly.

"Yeah, I do..."

Grabbing a kitchen knife, he started cutting up the brownies into pieces.

"I'm kinda..." he cleared his throat again. "I'm seeing someone."

The kitchen was quiet for a moment, then the kids all cheered.

"Way to go, Steve!"

"Yeah, tha... hey, watch my hair!"

"Who is it? How long have you been seeing each other?" Max asked eagerly.

Steve grabbed some ice cream from the freezer and set it on the counter. He hesitated, then turned to face them.

"I don't want anyone to know about this. This is just between us, okay? I can count on you guys, right?"

They all looked at each other

"Right!" they nodded.

"Friends don't lie," El added firmly.

Steve took a deep breath.

"I've been seeing him for a month."

The kids stared.

"Him?" Will asked, wide-eyed.

Steve nodded.

"Yeah. It's a guy."

He looked up at them, an uncertain look in his eyes.

"You don't think any less of me because I'm with a guy, do you?"

At that, the silence was broken, and Steve found several pairs of arms hugging him at once while they all assured him that there was absolutely nothing wrong with him, that he was their Steve who they all adored. Trying to hide a pleased smile, Steve started plating up the brownies, and put a huge scoop of ice cream on each plate.

While they were all happily eating, Max asked Steve again if he could tell them who he was dating.

"He said he was fine with me telling you guys, but again: this is just between us. You know what this damn town is like," Steve said, taking a sip of coffee.

"The town would be... *aghast*?" El asked.

Steve smiled.

"They would make our lives a living hell. I don't have to tell you guys what assholes people can be to you if you're different," he said, glancing at them. He stared down into his coffee mug with a sigh. "Hell, I've been like that myself, sometimes."

"But that was way before," Lucas said, smiling.

"Yeah, buddy. These days you're downright awesome!" Dustin grinned.

"Thanks," Steve said, letting out a puff of laughter.

"So, come on, already! Who is he?" Max asked. "Inquiring minds want to know!"

"Chris Chang," Steve replied.

"Chris from the video store?" Mike asked.

Steve nodded.

"That's him."

"How... how did you get together?" Will asked cautiously.

"Oh, you know..." Steve set his coffee mug down. "Ever since things ended with me and Nancy, I haven't been hanging out with people all that much, and..."

"You see *us* all the time!" Dustin interrupted indignantly.

"Yeah, I do, and you guys are great," Steve said quickly, "you are. But a guy needs to be around people his own age, too, and since I started cutting ties with a lot of toxic assholes I don't have all that many friends left... and then Nancy and I broke up, so... Anyway, I rented some movies one night, and Chris and I got to talking. We started hanging out a lot after that, and before I knew it things just sort of... developed."

The kids chuckled as Steve blushed.

"Is it serious?" Mike asked.

Steve looked at them, a warm smile on his lips.

"Yeah. Yeah, I think so."

*

"Lucas, this is Dustin. Do you copy?"

"Lucas here. Do you have any idea what time it is? Over."

"Yeah, I do, but I have something important to discuss. Over."

"Okay, okay. What is it? Over."

"I'm worried about Steve. Over."

"Why? Over."

"You know how long it took him to get over Nancy. I don't want him to get hurt again. Over."

"Me neither. So? Over."

"So you saw the look on his face earlier. He's crushing bad. But what if Video-Chris can't be trusted? What if he's just messing around with Steve? What do you think? Over."

"...I don't know. I don't know Chris very well. Over."

"Me neither. Over."

"So what do you suggest? Over."

"I suggest we gather the Party for a confrontation. For us to get a fair assessment of Video-Chris, and to give *him* fair warning of what will happen if he hurts Steve. Over."

"Sounds like a plan. Let's call the other members tomorrow and rendezvous at the video store at around twelve hundred hours. Sound good? Over."

"Good. Talk to you tomorrow. Dustin, over and out."

*

"Did you get a visual on the target?"

Lucas and Max nodded, having snuck a peek inside the video store and hurried back to the alley where the rest of the Party were waiting.

"Over by the comedy shelf."

"What's our plan of attack?" Dustin asked. "What's the best way to do this?"

"We better be discreet," Will said. "We can't let anyone overhear."

"Yeah..." Mike said. "Were there other people in the store?"

"Three customers," Max nodded.

"And Mandy Larsen's working the cash register," Lucas added.

"We make him come out here," El suggested.

Mike nodded.

"Yeah... I think that would be best. Direct approach. We tell him we need a word in private and ask him to step outside. And then we have our little talk with him," he said.

The others nodded firmly.

"Let's do this," Dustin said.

Straightening their backs, they marched into the video store, heading straight for the comedy shelves where their target, Chris Chang was sorting tapes. Chris started, dropping a copy of Trading Places on the floor and stared at the six kids who suddenly surrounded him, staring at him with identical, serious expressions.

"Can... can I help you guys?" Chris said uneasily, reaching down to retrieve the tape he dropped. "Looking for a specific title?"

"No," Mike said, raising his chin. "We need to have a word with you in private. About..." he looked around to make sure no one was close by. "About Steve," he said in a quiet voice.

"Oh," Chris's eyes lit up. "You guys are Steve's friends."

"That's right," Dustin said. "And like Mike here just said... we need a word with you. In private. *Now*."

The kids moved closer, eyes dark, and Chris found himself backing up against the shelf.

"Okay... yeah, sure," he said nervously. "Whatever you say. Mandy! I'm going out for a smoke."

"Uh-huh," the girl at the cash register said disinterestedly, not looking up from her homework that was spread out over the counter. Chris followed the kids out to the alley, lit a cigarette and leaned back against the wall, taking a long drag and blowing out smoke away from the kids.

"So... Steve's told me a lot about you guys. You wanted to talk to me about him?" Chris asked.

The kids stood staring at him with their arms crossed.

Dustin cleared his throat importantly.

"Yes. We want to know what your intentions towards Steve are."

Chris stared, open-mouthed.

"My *intentions*?!"

He almost laughed, but at the sight of their narrowed eyes he closed his mouth and started fidgeting with his cigarette.

"Yes, your intentions," Max said. "Are you going to treat Steve right?"

"Steve is our friend," El said.

"We care about him," Dustin said. "He's had his heart broken before... although that wasn't anyone's fault," he quickly added with a glance at Mike. "That was... just something that didn't work out."

"But we don't want him to get hurt again," Will continued. "He deserves someone nice."

Lucas nodded.

"He's a good guy. He sticks up for his friends..."

"...risking his own neck without hesitating..."

"...he makes brownies with us..."

"...Steve watches the soaps with me..."

"...Steve taught me how to do my hair..."

"...if we need a ride he always drives us..."

"...you can talk to him about anything..."

"Okay!" Chris held up his hands to silence them. "Look, you don't have to tell me how awesome he is. I've noticed that all on my own."

He put his cigarette out against the wall and flicked it towards a dumpster close by.

"I get that you care about him," he continued. "But so do I. And I can promise you don't have to worry. I would never intentionally do anything to hurt him. Okay?" he said seriously, looking at each of them. "I haven't even been seeing him that long, but he's already the best thing that ever happened to me. So, again: you don't have to worry. All I want is to make Steve happy."

The kids looked at each other, retreating to a few feet away and started whispering with their heads close together, then returned, once again staring at Chris with crossed arms and narrowed eyes, though their expressions were somewhat softened.

"We've decided to take your word for it," Mike declared.

"We believe you have good intentions towards Steve," Will nodded.

Chris smiled.

"Okay, good. So... does that mean I have your blessing?"

"For now," Max said.

"But... if you don't keep your promise..." Lucas said, taking a step closer.

"If Steve does get hurt because of you..." Mike said, moving closer, along with the rest of the kids.

"If you lied..." El said. She glanced at his front shirt pocket where he'd stuffed his cigarettes. Chris stared as the pack suddenly flew out of his pocket, hovered in the air before his face, and was suddenly crumpled into a tight ball. El jerked her head, and the ball flew towards the dumpster.

"Holy shit..." Chris slumped back against the wall.

"Break Steve's heart, and that..." Dustin said, pointing at the dumpster, "...is what will happen to your nuts."

Then they smiled sweetly, giving him pats on the arm.

"See ya, Chris!"

"Remember, be nice to Steve."

Then they walked happily away, leaving Chris staring after them.

*

Steve sighed, shaking his head. He was sitting on the couch in Chris's little apartment, going through the stack of new releases Chris had brought from work.

"Those little shits," he muttered, but the corners of his mouth was twitching. "They better watch their asses when I get my hands on them. I can't believe they did that."

"Go easy on them," Chris laughed. "I admit they made me a little nervous, but it's actually pretty cute. You obviously mean a lot to them." He sat down next to Steve. "I've been thinking about giving up smoking, anyway. I still haven't figured out how the hell they did that thing with the pack, but it sure was impressive."

"Yeah, well... they're science nerds, the whole bunch. They know all kinds of tricks. It's pretty cool," Steve said quickly.

"Yeah... pretty cool," Chris smiled. "Just like it's pretty cool how you look after those kids."

Steve shrugged.

"Those little shits are actually quite awesome. I like hanging out with them."

Chris took his hand, gently caressing it with his thumb.

"Well... they obviously mean a lot to you, too. It's good then that I sort of got their blessing to be your boyfriend."

Steve grinned.

"I have to admit I'm pretty touched. Those brats..." he laughed. "I'm glad they approved of you."

Steve leaned closer, pressing his lips against Chris's. They kissed lazily, moving their lips together slowly and softly.

"You know if you want to... you could stay the night..." Chris whispered against Steve's lips when they stopped.

Steve smiled, sliding his fingers through Chris's hair.

"That'd be nice... I'd like that. Just promise you'll still respect me in the morning," he joked. "You know what will happen to your nuts if you don't."